

THE MAGNOLIA:

OR, LITERARY TABLET.

Published Semi-Monthly, at One Dollar Per Number, in Advance.

VOL. I.

HUDSON, JANUARY 25, 1834.

No. 9.

For the Magnolia.

The English collector, Mr. Bullock, obtained leave from the authorities in Mexico, to disinter and take casts of the sanguinary goddess, Teoyamique. During the time it was exposed, the court of the university was crowded with people, most of whom expressed the most decided contempt. "Not so, however, the Indians—not a smile or word escaped them—all was silence and attention. A chaplet of flowers was placed on the figure, by natives, who had stolen thither unseen, at evening: a proof that notwithstanding the extreme diligence of the Spanish clergy for 300 years, there still remains some taints of heathen superstition among the natives."—See Bullock's *Six Months in Mexico*.

This—is nature; and the heart will cling
To first impressions of its early faith;
And all that once was dear, will ever bring
Some lingering remnant, ending but in death.

And still they worship, firm but silently,
The aneipt doctrines that their fathers taught,
And gaze with awe-struck wonder, reverently,
On this strange relic, with such magic fraught.

And though no sounds escape the silent tongue,
Stern nature works, with deeper, wilder power;
At this sweet chaplet proves, that thus unseen was
hung,
Around its form, at evening's silent hour.

Perchance the hand, that sadly placed it there,
Shook with the eager and mysterious thrill
That rushed upon the heart, while drawing near
The sanguine goddess, wildly worshipped still.

Who hath not felt the same mysterious power—
Of superstition, o'er the human mind?
Is there a heart that never knew the hour,
Of fancy's force, and bowed before her shrine?

Who, like the Indian, bath not offerings made,
To his own idols, of far less avail
Than this fair wreath, which, when its beauties fade,
Will scatter fragrance, with each passing gale.

And wealth, and power, which mortals prize,
And madly worship, is as vain as this;
And many a deeper, darker sacrifice,
Is offered up, to gain the fancied bliss.

Then mock not this free offering of the heart,
But search thine own, and thou perchance may find,
Some faint resemblance, or some little part,
Of weakness common to the human mind.

C. D.

Epigram

On the marriage of a Mr. Plum to Miss Reina.
She ruled all hearts, till Edmund took the Reina—
Maria submitted—for her hour was come.
The happy fair-one may now count her gains
And bemoan the day that saw her worth a Plum.

The Stolen Daughter.

From the Diary of Jean Paul Ulric.

BY MORRIS MATTISON.

Diaries are, at present, a monomania, and I will therefore, in obedience to fashion, commence one myself. A word or two of my parents by way of beginning. My father was a German, a native of Leipzig. My mother was of English extraction; born, I think, at Chelsea, the naval hospital town of Great Britain. At an early age, she made a tour in Germany for her health; when she became known to my father. They were married in the short space of three weeks from the period of their first acquaintance. My father wore moustaches, carried a gold headed cane, and made poetry. He indited a beautiful sonnet to my mother's eyebrows, and wrote a number of verses after the manner of the romantic Herder, whom he always endeavored to imitate. My mother was accounted handsome; had brown hair, a Grecian nose, and perfectly white teeth; was rather matophysical, a good waltzer, and always made her preserves on a Sunday morning.

This must suffice for the maternal accomplishments, of which, it was possible, her progeny might have partaken.

My father, at the earnest solicitations of my incomparable mother, emigrated to America, and took up his residence upon the banks of the Schuylkill where, in the succeeding year, I received my birth.

My parents were moderately rich; and, as it was the opinion of my mother that I was a remarkably promising youth, no expense was to be spared to render me an ornament to society. A matrimonial disputation of inconceivable eloquence arose between them, as to the best mode of developing the powers of my mind. My mother was in favor of my learning to walls, as a first and qualifying step. This, however, my father opposed with an honest and becoming zeal, but he was overruled, and I was condemned to obey the "stern alarmus" of the *maitre de danse*, for a twelve-month.

I was designed, it seems, for better things; for I was subjected, at length, to the surveillance of a private tutor, who soon initiated me into the classics. Virgil and Horace, Xenophon and Longinus were alike familiar to me. As Duberly says of Pangloss in the play, I could "laugh you out Latin by the quart, and grunt Greek like a pig."

Years passed away and I was likely to become a martyr to my studies. The hectic had tinged my cheek; I grew pale and enervated. The most active medicines were resorted to, but all in vain. A sea voyage was recommended by the attending physician, which not

only delighted me, but put my mother into an ecstasy of joy.

"My dear son," she said, with unusual emphasis, "you can sip wine with the Lords and Dukes, and trip through the winding mazes of the dance at Almack's. Of course you will not neglect the latter. Believe me, my dear Jean Paul, (how I hate that Dutch name of your father's!) believe me, I say, it will be the making of you."

In less than a fortnight I was on board a New-York packet bound for London. I shall not unfold the perils and miracles of my voyage, for every thing astounding and ridiculous in the experience of us, landmen, you may find, gentle reader, in the outpouring of every sentimental blockhead, who has crossed the Atlantic and "*spawned his quarto*" of wonderful adventures encountered, where every trivial incident is a phenomenon, that startles the bibber and gastronomer from his lethargy.

I arrived in the gloomy and dismal metropolis of England, wonderfully improved in health and spirits. My letters made me acquainted with the Earl of ——. He was lively and goodhumored, talked fluently on some subjects, and was remarkably dull upon others. We passed from one topic of conversation to another, with inconceivable rapidity. The merits of the late Revolution in France were discussed in the lapse of a moment's sands; those of the Wellington ministry, in the passage of a seamew; and over the theoretical Republic of Belgium, his Lordship uttered a pish, and curled his aristocratic lip. I conceived there was not so much difference between an Earl of Great Britain, and a wellbred gentleman of my own country, as is sometimes imagined. At the pressing invitation of the Earl, I made one of a party that was to dine with him on the *fest* of his birthday. What a brilliant assemblage was this! What wit! What beauty! What everything that could charm the young votary of pleasure and dissipation! The guests were arranged at the table. I found myself seated beside Miss Page, one of the Earl's nieces, a beautiful and romantic girl. She talked of Byron, and Weber, and Cooper's novels, and quoted Dante and Tasso, almost in the same breath. After an hour of the most rapid enunciation, the lips of the sweet girl actually closed for one minute.

"But who," I inquired, taking advantage of this pause, "who is the gentleman in black, a little to the right, on the opposite side?"

"Oh! that is Sir Archibald Carnaby," replied the volatile Miss Page. "He is very singular in his habits, a strange compound of vice and virtue. There is a mystery about him which I could never penetrate. It is but seldom he goes into society; indeed, I believe he cares but little for social enjoyment. He resided many years on the continent, where, I am told, he was married; but his wife dying, he returned to London. He is intimate with my uncle, and sometimes makes one at his board."

In appearance Sir Archibald was about fifty years of age. His hair was black and much inclined to curl. His eyes were dark,

sunken and fiery; and his thin, curling lips were strongly marked with decision. A calm serenity sometimes settled upon his features, and at others they were distorted with all the wildness of the maniac. He conversed occasionally with those around him: sometimes dispassionately, sometimes with great vehemence. After dinner, I observed him, apart from the company, gazing thoughtfully out upon the terrace. I approached with an air of familiarity, and entered into conversation. He grew lively and cheerful. We were soon joined by Miss Page, who added much brilliancy to the trio. We talked away an hour almost unconsciously, and as we were about to separate for the night, Sir Archibald presented me with his card, accompanied with an invitation to call upon him on the following Monday.

One sunny afternoon, such as is rarely met with in London, I found myself in the Earl's carriage, accompanied by his Lordship and Miss Page. We proceeded in the direction of Kew Green. At length, we found ourselves walking upon the borders of the Thames, near a small village, several miles from the metropolis. In our promenade we passed a small, but very picturesque park, in the centre of which arose a venerable Gothic mansion. A female was seen slowly promenading one of the gravel walks. She was neatly attired in a white dress, and held in one hand a book. She was apparently in the bloom of youth, her movements were graceful, and her figure was tall and majestic. Her glossy curls hung negligently about her neck, and clustered in rich profusion, upon her high and intellectual forehead. Her complexion was pure and transparent; her lips were at the exquisite chiseling of the Grecian artist; finely and delicately formed. Canova might have chosen them for a model. An elderly gentleman now made his appearance at the end of the mansion.

"Well met," cried the Earl, "my old friend, Harry!—delighted to see you!" His friend Harry, as he familiarly called him, did not seem over anxious to cultivate his acquaintance. He preserved an inflexible silence, gazing upon us alternately with a keen and restless eye. At length he formally advanced, and, with a cold smile of recognition, took the Earl by the hand. They withdrew to a short distance, and after a few moments earnest conversation, returned, and the stranger was introduced as Henry St John, an old friend and school fellow of the Earl. We all adjourned to the drawing room, in the venerable mansion of our host. What a fortunate adventure was this! At once I should make the acquaintance of the beautiful girl we had seen in the park. A novelist in conceiving his plot, could not have arranged it half so prettily.

The Earl and St John entered freely into conversation. It appeared, that the latter, after spending many years on the continent, had just returned to England. Presently the door opened out of an anteroom, and (as I had predicted,) the female entered, of whom I had become so deeply enamored. How my heart bounded within me! The blood thrilled

through my veins, and mantled in my cheeks. She was an only daughter of St John's, called Viola; and a romantic name it is, gentle reader; you will not find a lovelier in the newest novels, with all their improvements, for it has been sanctified by the immortal bard.

It was proposed that Viola should conduct Miss Page and myself through the various departments of natural curiosities with which the mansion abounded. The Earl and St John remained to talk over their early sports and adventures. I felt a thousand times rejoiced at so opportune and auspicious an occasion to become acquainted with Viola. If I had before admired the beauty and symmetry of her form, the witchery and softness of her features; I was now doubly enchanted with the rich melody of her voice; her affable good humor, and unaffected brilliancy of conversation. After examining the numerous collections of birds and minerals and paintings, we were ushered into Viola's study. It was strewed with books, engravings, and manuscripts of every variety; and there were landscapes, views upon the Rhine, where she had lived almost from her infancy. The beautiful Rhine was faithfully depicted, and the villages of its winding shores; and the rugged mountains rose up in the distance, and the pleasant villages intervened, teeming with fruits and flowers; the nectarous vine clambered, in wild luxuriance, upon its banks; the birds were carolling in the sunny woods; and the fisherman was there, drawing forth the inhabitants of the limpid and gushing waters. I gazed, in silent rapture, upon those beautiful delineations of Viola's pencil; and then her taper fingers wandered rapidly over the delicate strings of the harp. How delicious, how ravishing, were its sounds! Passionately fond as I am of music, yet in Viola's hands, it thrilled with a deeper intensity; it had a charm, I never before knew. It thrilled like a mysterious cord that bound our thoughts and affections together. Every thing grew enchanting in her presence; even a rose, with which she ornamented my bosom, seemed to grow more vivid and fragrant at her touch.

We joined the Earl and St John in the drawing-room. They whispered a few words in secret and shook hands, for the carriage had already drawn up. I bade adieu to Viola, resolved to see her again without delay.

The time previous to my appointment with Sir Archibald had already expired. I hurried to his residence in Oxford-street. I was announced and conducted into his chamber. He was seated in an arm-chair, by the fire-side. He rose with great dignity on my entrance, and grasped me eagerly by the hand. He was unusually melancholy; and his keen eye was restless and unsettled.

He conversed fluently, yet incoherently, upon various subjects, evincing the utter prostration of a noble mind. Sometimes he compared himself to the unfortunate mariner, who is tossed in the midnight storm, without a single ray of hope to brighten his existence, and sometimes, to the solitary survivor of a depopulated city.

"This day, many years ago," he said, "I was united at the altar to Gabriela, a beauti-

ful Italian girl, confiding and affectionate. Her love was like the first tints of the vernal flower, too bright to enjoy a long endurance. The memory is like a dream!—but no!—it has a brief reality, and yet how fleeting and full of woe! Our offspring was an only daughter, the image of her mother's loveliness. Methinks I see the flames crackling around her!—and the dagger too, reeking with Gabriela's blood! Tell me, is it fancy? No! Give me the dagger! quick!—quick!—the villain will escape! See! see! it is the loved and lost; my daughter, my daughter!" and here he sunk almost exhausted in his chair.

I looked into the street, and saw the marriage of St John passing, in which Viola, attended by a Frenchman, was seated. My soul was stung with jealousy, my whole frame shook with agitation. Unqualified as I was, I endeavored to calm the excited feelings of Sir Archibald. I inquired the cause of his distress; but received an idiotic smile for an answer.

"I am a little weak upon this subject," he at length, spoke in an undertone, assuming composure, "and my mind, I fear, sometimes wanders. I lost a child—she was young and innocent! I was thinking of her at that moment when the features of some one, I casually observed in the street, recalled her still more forcibly to my mind. She was young—very young; and I know not why it is, her image is imprinted so strongly on my memory. It was fancy, nothing more! I will endeavor to control myself for the future."

Although Sir Archibald preserved the identity of his usually wild and visionary character, yet I did not feel so deeply interested in his welfare; for that "green eyed monster," jealousy, was piercing me with a thousand stings. It was evident, Viola had an admirer in this Frenchman. It was true, she had been but a short time in England, without the opportunity of forming acquaintances, much less attachments; but then was it not probable that her companion had made her acquaintance in Germany? Determined to satisfy myself on this point, I departed on the following day for the old mansion.

I was cordially received by St John, who told me Viola was somewhat indisposed, and accordingly, as I urged an interview, I was conducted into her study. St John immediately retired, and left us in the sole possession of the apartment. The beautiful girl looked pale and disconsolate, at my entrance; I thought, indeed, she seemed to shrink with an involuntary fear; but her eye grew brighter, and her spirits increased in buoyancy, as we engaged more earnestly in conversation. I wished to question her about the Frenchman, who had accompanied her on the preceding day; but my tongue refused its office at the bidding of the heart's wild pulse. She had just thrown a volume from her hand; it was the *Faust* of Goethe. Reared, as she had been in Germany, upon the beautiful banks of the Rhine, her fancy was strongly imbued with romance; and passionately devoted as she was to the German literature, it was natural that her mind should be animi-

lated to its character. "Goethe," she said, "is my favorite among the German poets. His Faust, which I have just been perusing, is regarded by some as a tale of sorcery—a fiendish fiction; but it is here that he exhibits the native strength and majesty of his genius, and the boundless variety of his talents. He has chosen the disguise of the visionary Faust, to embody the feelings of his own mind. He has gone down to the deepest recesses of the soul, and revealed all its secret springs—its dark and hidden mysteries."

"He has a heart to love and appreciate all that is noble in man—or beautiful in nature. Like all the poets of his country, he portrays the romance of moonlight, and silvery fountains, ruined towers and antique castles. He loves to revel among the mountains, waterfalls, and quiet meads; and wild and erratic are his flights. He sees man as he is; and while he contemplates the alternate gloom and sunlight of mortal existence, he imparts his sweetest and most sacred inspirations."

I had gathered confidence from her affability; and was resolved to interrogate her upon the subject which I considered, at that time, of far greater importance, than the wanderings of the muse among the winding streams and traditional crags of Germany.

"A pleasant ride you had yesterday; Miss St John?"

I spoke as calmly as possible, but my voice faltered.

"The day was delightful," she answered, "but I cannot say so much for my sentiments or feelings."

"Your companion was no doubt agreeable?" I continued.

A look of anger—the radiance of sudden passion—passed over her glowing features.

"You wrong me in the thought," she answered, with such determined energy, that I regretted having made the interrogation.

Steps were heard without—the door opened; the subject of our conversation entered.

"Monsieur Beaumaris, Mr. Ulric."

This was the odious Frenchman, who had abdicated himself into the company of Viola, in contempt and defiance of her dislike for his person and character. He folded his arms upon his breast, with affected nonchalance; but his fierce and vindictive eye betrayed the workings of the passions within. Miss St John seemed to wither beneath his glance.

It was evident she stood in awe of Beaumaris, and endured his society from fear, rather than love, or even respect. I could have grappled with him upon the spot, and torn his frail limbs asunder, so great was my indignation; but the personal safety of Viola forbade it. I left the room somewhat abruptly, and was hurrying through the hall-door, as St John laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Mr. Ulric," he said, "I hope you will frequently favor us with your company. You will forgive the fond doutings of an old man, when he says you are beloved by his child. You possess Viola's affections. She loves you with an intensity of which you have no conception. I have every reason to believe that it is mutual, (this warrants the liberty I have taken,) and believe me, if you should unite

her destiny with yours, it will not be without the romantics of my property, which is far from inconsiderable. I do not mention this as an inducement, any farther than it may contribute to your temporal happiness. My time will be but short in this world, and I wish not to take leave of it until I see Viola entrusted to the care of one who is worthy of the charge. You will be aware of Beaumaris;"—and here he sunk his voice almost to a whisper—"he aspires to her hand and will go any extreme to effect his unholy purpose. I cannot forbid him her presence—he is connected with me by an indissoluble tie. I can say no more, you will leave me without reply;" and before I could render my acknowledgements, he disappeared through the hall-door, restraining his tears.

I meditated seriously on the character of Beaumaris—his pretensions to the hand of Viola—is inexplicable connexion with St John; but it all appeared an impenetrable mystery. I was determined to visit more frequently the old mansion, and obtain if possible, a full explanation of the whole matter. A feverish excitement possessed me—my thoughts, day and night, were centered in Viola. St John was anxious for our union—even the Earl and his niece were now profuse in compliments. And, for the first time in my life, I almost concluded that matrimony was really what the poets and French novelists had termed it, "heaven itself"—a shadowing forth of the joys of Paradise.

The next evening I was again at St John's. I entered the drawing-room. No one was there; I rushed into Viola's study, she was absent; I was equally rapid in my movements into the park, where I knew she sometimes amused herself with a promenade. I glided along the gravel walk, brushed through the long and dewy grass, and arrived at an arbor, romantically situated on the banks of the Thames. Viola was there, gazing thoughtfully on the sheet of waters beneath her.—The sound of my footsteps broke in upon her abstraction.

"Ulric! is it you?" she asked in a quick voice; "I thought we were for ever separated!"

"Why such thoughts?" I inquired; but she was silent. My love was kindled almost into a frenzy. I pressed her hand with unconscious fervor; and the pressure was slightly returned. O how was I blessed by this touch of her delicate fingers! Our arms were linked in an embrace, and we walked forth to look upon the silvery waters, and enjoy the calmness of the hour. We seated ourselves beneath the branches of a large and spreading elm. It was a glorious night; the pale moon was abroad in pure azure, and the bright stars were upon their watch. A hallowed beauty was around us, a sweet and holy stillness; and the whispering zephyr stole gently along, laden with its many sweets, and fanned the bright curls that clustered on Viola's brow. I thought she grew still more beautiful, at the full beams of the moon shone upon her now placid features. I felt the warm gush of love springing up a new in my heart; not so wild and turbulent as before, but purer, holier,

elerating and exalting my affections. I clasped her in my arms, and stole a burning kiss; and then I looked abroad into the heaven, and gazed for a long time in silence upon the bright and heaven-throned moon. We were roused from our reverie by the old mansion clock. It struck ten. Viola was the first to speak.

"Ulric, it grows late," said the lovely girl, in a hollow tone, gazing wildly around. "Dearest Viola," I exclaimed, "do not freeze me with your coldness. Tell me if I trespass on your time; tell me, tell me if I am not to share in your affections; and I will obey you if it break my heart."

"Ulric! you are to me as the atmosphere of life, scattering sunshine in the pathway of my existence; but fate decrees our separation! You know not the danger that is hovering around you; forsake me, and be happy! Go forth into the world and enjoy its pleasures, fleeting and fickle as they are. By remaining in my presence, you not only endanger your own happiness, perhaps safety; but increase the sum of my earthly misery, by the certainty of your falling a victim to your own manly and generous impulses. We must part, even here; yet stay a moment! I had something to say, but it is gone! lost in the chaos of thought, the whirlwind of the mind!"

"Confide in me," I exclaimed, "the secret of your unhappiness. Reveal to me the wrongs you have sustained."

She looked about her with a fearful shudder, and attempted to speak, but her agitation was too intense.

"We are alone, Viola," I continued, "there are none around us, nothing, save the invisible and all pervading Spirit; the earth is deaf, and there is no human ear to catch the accents of your tale, but his for which it is intended. Speak on, dearest, speak on; and let your wrongs be told in this silent and solitary spot. Do you fear Beaumaris? Is your father unkind to you?"

"My father!" she exclaimed, "No! no never was unkind to me. I cannot speak to you as I would wish, heaven knows I cannot, Ulric. I have been struggling with my fears—I was once to-night on the point of telling you all; but my conscience upbraided me, as though it came in rebuke from the Omnipotent. I lost what I was about to utter! stay not a moment longer, the hour is passed when Beaumaris was to return, and he has sworn,"—she hesitated and faltered, shuddering.

"Sworn to shed my blood!" I added.
"I did not say it," she rejoined; "but if you regard my happiness, leave me for the present. At this hour to-morrow night, I will be in the park; approach it from the river, there will be a boat in waiting, and you shall see me. Once more, farewell!" and in a moment she was gone like a star-beam beneath the wings of the tempest.

I hastened through the long vestibule of the mansion; and as I approached the gate which opened into the street, Beaumaris entered. The Frenchman wore a menacing look; I was in no very amiable or amiable mood myself; and was debating very seriously wheth-

er it would be the pre-eminence of *politesse* to seize Monsieur by the throat. The Frenchman, however, had reverence for his life and limbs, and soon managed to put himself *hors du combat*, by a hasty retreat. The moon was bright, and as I looked up, I observed him in an attic window, to which he had prudently retreated brandishing at me a rusty sabre, accompanied with numerous imprecations and grimaces. I passed on.

Gentle reader! what think you, is the sequence now? Do not anticipate a duel between Beaumaris and myself. You will be mistaken. I had a sovereign contempt for the Frenchman, it is true; but I am opposed to duelling, unless it becomes an imperative duty; and then I think, I should prefer swords. They do the work of death by degrees, and give one time to think about dying. I once thought I never would fall in love, and made a decree never to look at a woman when she was smiling, particularly if she had a dimpled cheek. How I have been mistaken! immersed and immured already, and, what is worse, a thousand difficulties to encounter in the pursuit.

Such were my reflections, the next morning after my interview with Viola, and as I was premeandering the Kensington gardens to cool my glowing brow, and feverish pulse, I was unexpectedly joined by Sir Archibald. He had come to refresh himself with a walk, and like the ghost in Hamlet, to annull the morning air. His conversation for the most part was full of playfulness and humor, divested of that solemn rant which had distinguished it upon other occasions. As we passed through the southern gate, on our way out, I observed St. John slowly descending from his carriage. He gave orders to his valet to remain, until he had made an excursion in the gardens.

Sir Archibald drew suddenly back. All the fury of the Jemon was depicted in his countenance. He stood for a moment undecided, as if rallying his nerves, and collecting his strength into one mighty focus; and then, with a tiger-like spring, he grappled St. John by the throat. It was a fearful struggle. The latter, with a strength and activity that I thought, impossible to have existed in his withered muscles shook off his grasp, and stepping back, drew a pistol from the side pocket of his coat.

"Stand at your peril—I seek not your blood!" cried St. John in a determined tone.

"Coward! fiend! monster!" cried the exasperated Carnaby. "Are you scared? Will one victim suffice?"

"I will endure your reproaches," replied St. John, "without a murmur. I desire to add another day to my miserable existence, and then, Carnaby, you shall know all; then you may execute the vows of your vengeance, Ulric, come to me at sunset to-morrow; bring your companion," and St. John sprung into the carriage and was gone.

Here, indeed, was *une bonne demeure*—a real dramatic item, an event of which I never anticipated the record in this narrative. I asked Sir Archibald for an explanation; he refused it. He looked the very image of despair.

"You must leave me, Ulric," he said, "I cannot endure the presence of mortal man. Forget not our appointment, to-morrow; call upon me at a seasonable hour."

I left him, and we pursued different courses. I could now, in some measure, account for his dreamy abstractions—his wayward and unsettled character—his incoherent ravings—his very madness. With a patient resignation, I awaited the approach of evening on the ensuing day. I joined Carnaby at the appointed time; and we soon found ourselves at the residence of St. John.

Instead of preparing to meet Viola by stealth on the borders of the Thames, I had come to "beard the lion in his den." The animosity existing between Sir Archibald and St. John still remained a profound secret; for the former would not open his lips on the subject. I felt assured, however, that the mystery, which hung about Viola, was about to be dispelled. This was all I desired, and I looked forward with anxious impatience to the approaching interview. At length, I was summoned, singly and alone, to his apartment. I found him stretched upon a mattress, holding in his hand a small packet carefully wrapped up. He was deadly pale; and so much exonerated, that he spoke in a low and tremulous voice. Fear was not stamped upon his countenance; it was rather the sullen supremacy of despair—the violent conflict of contending emotions.

"You have come, Ulric," he said, almost in whispers, and raising himself at the same time upon his elbow, "but it is to close my eyes in death!" and he sunk down again upon the mattress. He had ruptured a blood vessel a few hours previous, and discharged great quantities of blood.

"You are anxious," he feebly resumed, "to know my history. You shall have it. Call Viola—she must be present." Search was immediately made, but she could not be found. I repaired to the park, where she had promised to meet me in the evening. I found her in the arbor, *spe pendulus horae*!

She knew nothing of St. John's situation; and was ignorant of the occurrence during the day. I conducted her into his chamber. A smile lighted his sallow features as she entered.

"Viola, my beloved," he feebly spoke, "you have come to witness my dying moments! I shall soon pass from time into eternity; and you will be freed from my tyranny,—my unkindness. But in your gentle nature, I hope to find forgiveness. You will no longer be assailed by the infamous Beaumaris—you need no longer preserve inviolate the oaths you have taken. If I have dealt harshly with you, I have at least cultivated and expanded your mind. If I have acted cruelly towards you, it was because necessity compelled me to it." Here a long pause ensued. "Ulric," he continued, "my history is contained in this packet. Let it be given to the friend who accompanied you hither. Viola!" and here he looked around with the gaze of an idiot. "Viola!" he again resumed, "will you curse me? It is a fearful thing to die! How the damned must writhes with the agonies of hell! Oh! I am freezing! Viola, give me your

hand, it will warm me and here his long bony fingers were extended. "Place it in mine, dearest girl; and say you forgive me! your cruel—your undeserving Uncle."

"Uncle?" she thoughtfully repeated, resting her hand to her forehead, and then gave a shriek, that re-echoed fearfully through the mansion. "Monster, away! my mother's blood is upon that hand!" cried the girl, as she was leaving the room in frantic desperation.

"Stay! stay!" cried St. John, with vehemence, "stay one moment, and say you can forgive me. I have wronged you; but cannot my penitence move you to pity? Nay, look at me, I am withering away, and it is the deep sense of my crimes that inflicts this curse. Give me your hand, and say that I am pardoned, and death will be less terrible."

"If it is to relieve death of its sting," said Viola, "you have my forgiveness; and may you ardently implore that of the Most High."

St. John grasped her hand with a convulsive shudder.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am happy now. Your touch, Viola, has infused a new charm into my soul. Death is upon me—I feel his cold and icy fingers! Viola, one word more! Stoop down, my breath is exhausted! nearer—nearer still, and now can I utter it? beneath this roof you have a parent! Implore him to forgive me!"

Viola started with amazement; and I was equally astonished at the intelligence. Could it be Sir Archibald? I knew of no other. I hurried to him with the packet; and he confessed that the dying man was his brother. He fixed his eyes intently upon the manuscript. It was as follows, in the handwriting of the ci-devant St. John; it was addressed to his brother, Sir Archibald Carnaby. It had been written after their *rencontre* in the morning:

"You are burning with a thirst for revenge; but it cannot affect me. You failed this morning in the execution of your dreadful purpose, but it was the kindly intervention of Providence, for if I had then fallen by your hand, the secret of your daughter's existence might have gone with me to the grave." Here Carnaby convulsively caught me by the arm, and then eagerly resumed the narrative: "I need not tell you we were the sons of a prodigate English nobleman. You are the eldest. We were all travelling in Italy, where our parent was suddenly carried off by the malaria of the campagna. His money was equally divided between us; we had each fifty thousand pounds sterling. We were both introduced to an Italian lady called Gabriella, of great beauty and high rank, without a fortune to support it. We were both suitors for her hand; both had equal pretensions; and hence, mutual jealousy usurped the place of fraternal love. You remember, we were playing one night at cards. We had our respective fortunes in our pockets. I played largely; still expecting to redeem what I had lost. I was unsuccessful; and my wealth was yours. You retained the utmost farthing, while I was beggared. But it was not your avarice. No! no! you were good,

out even to a fault. There was another motive. It was the love you bore Gabrielle. By this means you hoped to mock my pretensions to her hand. While I remained in poverty, you knew I could not be your successful rival. You succeeded in your design; and were united with her at the altar. From that moment I resolved to become your *murderer*. And here, Carnaby, you may curse yourself, it was your own imprudence that goaded me on to this fiendish design. I took an oath that you should die upon your bridal couch. In this I was disappointed. You knew the infirmity of my temper; and in two hours from the time of your nuptials, you had disappeared. I wandered about from place to place, gaining a precarious subsistence by gambling. Years passed away: I found myself walking on the Champs Elysees of Paris. I accidentally observed you passing in the crowd, with Gabrielle on one side, and a little girl on the other. I supposed the latter to be your daughter. I was then reduced to the utmost poverty, while you were, apparently, affluent and happy. I called to mind your conduct towards me in early life; and my schemes of unexecuted revenge came fresh into my exasperated mind. I followed you for hours; and at length traced you to a house in the Rue St. Honore.

It seems, after many years absence, in foreign countries, you took up your residence in Paris, with the hope, that if you should ever meet me, that time had softened the asperities of my temper. You little knew my real disposition. You haunted me like a dream; and one night I stabbed a man in the Tuilleries whom I believed to be you. I was mistaken and escaped the dreadful retribution of justice, for a more fearful end. I managed to secure the confidence and agency of your valet, Beaumaris. He enabled me to enter your house. We passed into the drawing-room. You had been playing successfully in the early part of the evening at your favorite game of *carte*, with a rich young duke, who had just escaped his minority.—Nearly the whole of your fortune, as Beaumaris told me, was lying rather carelessly upon the table. I took it into my possession, and gave five hundred francs to my accomplice to keep the secret. I thought I was justified; it was only taking back what rightly belonged to me. Still, it was not a desire for wealth; it was the hope that it would render you miserable, should I fail in taking your life. I proceeded to your chamber. You were locked in the arms of Gabrielle, as if half conscious of the danger which threatened you. A dim lamp cast a flickering beam upon the walls, and lighted me to my revenge, my agony, my remorse. I was about to make the fatal plunge which would have ended your existence, but a thought flashed across my mind that this would not fit the measure of my long protracted vengeance. I knew you loved Gabrielle to excess, to madness; and as I gazed upon her beautiful features, the prince of darkness and of hell whispered that her death would more fully require my wrongs. It was but the work of a moment—my knife was bathed in her blood! You started up,

terrified and maddened. I taunted you with the air of hellish triumph, for you were naked and defenceless before me; and then I held up to your gaze the still smoking weapon that had drank the vital blood of your wife. I permitted you to recognize me, and then fled the house.

" Still I was not satisfied. The dreadful vortex of my revenge was ready to swallow up new victims. I assumed an impenetrable disguise, and obtaining every information respecting you from the mercenary Beaumaris. Three nights after that I scattered firebrands in your house, and was the first to view the flames cutting to the skin. Oh! what a savage exultation I felt! You were running wildly through the crowd, which the fire had already collected. I watched your movements—I listened to your fearful cries; and every shriek you uttered, was to me the most delicate music of the lute. A general movement was now made towards a part of the house, to which the fire had just communicated. Your child was in danger of perishing in the flames, and a hundred voices were shouting for her rescue. You were looking earnestly up at a window, with your eyes fixed, and your hands clenched. I heard you cry, "she's lost! she's lost!" and then you burst into a frantic laugh. It was the very agony of despair and madness. I was foremost in the pursuit; I found your child, and carried her away to an unfrequented abode. It was my intention to have still watched you, and told you that your daughter lived, but that you should never enjoy her society.

" Instead of this, however, I learned that you had suddenly disappeared. A person of your description was reported to have thrown himself, about that time, into the Seine; and I felt almost assured that you had perished.

" There was nothing more to rouse my fierce and vindictive temper—nothing to stir up the deadly passion of contention and wickedness. I believed the object of my hatred had passed away, and with it, in some degree, the relentlessness and obduracy of my evil heart. Oh! Carnaby, how abject; how humiliated I felt! A rapid change came over me. I was like a withered and decaying tree, which the lightnings have scorched and scathed by their extreme burnings. Your daughter, whom you called Viole, was now subject to my counsel and control. She was impressed with the belief, that you had perished in the flames; and that I was the only one on whom she could depend for protection. She thought my kindness to her was the disinterested benevolence of a stranger. She was ignorant of our kindred: for I had already changed my name to that of St. John: and sometimes the little prattler talked about her cruel uncle, who had killed her dear mother.

" I was in possession of your wealth which I had nefariously obtained in the drawing-room; and I had always appropriated it to the development of Vipin's mind. We set out for Germany, and took up our residence on the banks of the Rhine, where your daughter had every facility of acquiring a good education. And here you will pause

Carnaby, to bless the munificence of my remiss towards your child. She applied herself diligently; and grew up in beauty as she did in intellect, unrivaled.

"There is another painful circumstance connected with my history. The infamous Beaumaris was enamored of Viola's charms. He aspired to her hand, although she spurned him as a loathsome reptile. He threatened to betray me into the hands of justice, for the murder of your wife, if did not compel the girl to accept his addresses. To get rid of his presence we fled from Germany, and came to England. He still followed us like the spectre of a haunted ship.

"A short time since, I was unexpectedly accosted by our old friend the Earl of —— His niece and Mr. Ulric were in company. I took him aside, and partially explained the nature of my situation. I had no other alternative. He promised to keep the secret; for it seems he heard you swear you would be the avenger of your wife's blood, if ever I crossed your path. I found that Mr. Ulric appreciated the worth of Viola; and I endeavored, together with the Earl, to cement their affections, so that the unhappy girl might be rescued from the clutches of the despicable Beaumaris.

"You now have my history; and I pray, I may have your forgiveness. I am weak with the loss of blood; and now, most injured, yet still beloved brother, a long, an everlasting farewell!"

So ended the history of this unfortunate man. And it happened most unaccountably too, that just as Sir Archibald had finished the manuscript, Viola entered, with a heaving bosom and an uncertain step. (Do not accuse me, gentle reader, of having anything to do with fiction.) The father recognized the features of his child; embraced her with parental fondness; and kissed the tears from her bright cheek. He released her hold, (for she still clung fondly to him,) and hastened to attend his dying brother. Sir Archibald hastily entered his chamber, and found him gasping for breath, with his eyes fixed in death. He sank down at his side, and pressed his hand. He opened his eyes for the last time; he saw his brother kneeling in prayer beside him. He smiled, and that smile was the recognition of forgiveness.

Beaumaris dispatched himself with the identical pistol he was preparing to assassinate me; and gentle reader, should you wish to learn anything further of Viola, whether demoiselle or madame, honor me with a visit at my residence on the Schuykill, and I shall answer all reasonable questions with luminous conciseness.—*N. American Mag.*

It is curious enough to observe how in the minor points of character tyrants in all ages resemble each other; for while Nero is represented as fiddling while Rome was in flames, his prototype, Miguel, is said to spend nearly all his time in shooting with his game-keepers, coming once a day to an elevation called the Monte Santo, to take a bird's-eye view of Lisbon and the Tagus.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MARIA MAYO SCOTT,

Eldest daughter of General Winfield Scott.

"Thus they rest!
They, that with smiles, lif' up the hall,
And cheered with joy the hearts—
Alas! for love, if then went all,
And nought beyond—Oh, earth!"

Mrs. Hemans.

No tears for thee, thou bright one! ours above
The rending woe—the blight that strikes the heart,
When eagerly we strive to catch some sound
Of those loved accents, wont so oft to thrill—
On every chord that awakens blissful thought.
Their silver tones, so fraught with melody,
Seemed like the gushings of a fountain within,
Where Nature's richest haunts—had stored,
Unmingled springs of tenderness and love.

Or with a fervor more intense, we seek
In vain for that lov'd beam, that met our gaze,
In the sweet magic of thy joyous glance,
And on thy lofty brow, where dwelt the light
Of purity and truth.

Often have I marked in childhood's list'ning hour,
The solemn awe that passed like shade across
Thy beaming face, when by the light of truth,
The knowledge of thy future dower was won.

They lesser sight awaking, caught a gleam
Of joys unfading—glorious, infinite!

Which wake the flame of burning Seraphim,
And tune to praise the ransomed spirit's lyre!
Unfolding that, the never-dying germ, that now
Exhales its fragrance in celestial air—

So deep the sense of beauty wrought in thee,
That Nature's paths disclosed in all their forms
Of loveliness and power, a source divine.
The sound of waters in their mournings soft,
Or foaming cataract's majestic voice—

The whispering leaves—or deeply vaulted sky,
When on its azure breast the gems of night,
Their song of praise reveal—on evening's sigh,
When hues of living light their glory pour.

To deck the parting cloud, (bright as those that
That morn'ry throws around our loved ones—gone),

Morn's renovating breath, with being fraught,

And untaught melody, brought balm to them,

Flowers had a spell that linked thee to their sweet-

nesses—

An eloquence that thrill'd each trembling cloud,
And on their incense-breaking fragrance bore
Thy thoughts to him who spread the beauteous page,
Sweetly the spirit mingled in the fervent strain

Of praise and adoration, Nature-hymns

To that high power whose wisdom made her shine.

Oft was the tortuousness of thy pathway dim'd
By lingering pain—wasting the rose of health—

A bitter cup! whose waters oft conceal

A pearl of purest ray—of radiance serene,

Which, to the soul subdued, points to the realms

Where faith and hope no more are known: but all

That purifies and swells the heart with joy;

Is ever bright'ning in the glorious light

Of love!

No tears for thee, thou blest one!—freed from

earth.

To rest upon the bosom of thy God,

Where holiness, undimmed, forever reigns!

Where glowing tides of knowledge ceaseless roll!

And exalted beauty ever shines!

Shall we not learn, when thus earth's fairest flowers,

(Torn from the stem in morning's sunny hour,)

Expand in regions of immortal bloom

To nurture with a wise and holy care,

Undying shapes, and wing them for the skies—

That we may share the bliss of those arrayed

In robes of purity—and taste the stream

That flows, unceasing, from the throne of God?

Richmond, Nov. 1835.—Enquirer.

In the time of the Long Parliament, Sandy, a gentleman of bold spirit, was examined before the House, when Lenthall, the speaker, put some ridiculous and impertinent questions to him, asking, at last, what countryman he was. "Of Kent," said Sandy—"and pray, may I demand the name of you?" "I am out of the West," said Lenthall. "By my troth," replied Sandy, "so I thought, for all the wise men came out of the East."

THE MAGNOLIA.

Hudson, Saturday, January 25, 1834.

NEW AGENTS.—D. D. Shumway, Bricks-ville, Ohio; Charles S. Breckinridge, Ware, Mass.

LITERARY INQUIRER.—We have received the first number of the second volume of this valuable paper, it has been enlarged and otherwise improved, and is conducted with great taste and talent; it is published weekly at Buffalo, N. Y. We wish its enterprising publishers success.

THE HERMETICIAN, a spirited monthly magazine published by the undergraduates of Washington College, Hartford, Conn. and by the neatness and taste displayed in the numbers before us, is deserving of a liberal support.

To Correspondents.

We have been favored with several pieces from C. D. one of which appears in this number. We thank her for the favor she has already shown us, and hope for its continuance.

The communication of J. R. on the "Judicious management of Fortune," is very acceptable.

Hudson Forum.

The next meeting of the Hudson Forum will be held at the Court-House, on Wednesday Evening, the 29th inst. when the following question will be discussed, viz:

"*Have we a natural bias for any particular pursuit?*"

O. P. BALDWIN, Sec'y.

For the Magnolia.

Judicious Management of Fortune.

In contemplating the manner in which the powerful and unlimited influence of wealth acts upon the soul of man, I am led to conclude, that whatever may be the fortune of any one, it is of the highest importance its administration should proceed with method and economy. In order to shield the soul against the many allurements which are mantled by prosperity, we ever should be watchful of the instructions of her monitor, and obey them. Make that our guide, and we will frequently be admonished to carefully examine our situation. We then will see the importance of first providing those things which are requisits and necessary, before we indulge in those which are superfluous. All persons should study to do justice

before they effect the praise of liberality; and fix such a plan of living as their circumstances will admit, and invariably adhere to it against every temptation to improper excess. No admonition is more necessary than this to the age in which we live: an age manifestly distinguished by a propensity to thoughtless profusion, wherein all the different ranks of men are observed to press forward with vanity on those who are above them—to vie with their superiors in every luxury and ostentation, and to seek no further argument for justification than the fashions of the times, and the supposed necessity of living like others around them. This turn of mind begets contempt for sober and regular plans of life. It overthrows all regard for domestic concerns and duties, and pushes men on to hazardous and visionary schemes of shame. Their finer feelings being thus destroyed, they grasp with rapaciousness and squander with profusion. In the midst of such disorder, prosperity cannot be of long duration. While confusion grows upon men's affairs, and prodigality at the same time wastes their substance, poverty, advances, and with her cold touch divests them of all their happiness. They view the approaching evil, and tremble, but have lost their force of mind to provide against it.—Accustomed to move in a round of society and pleasures disproportioned to their condition, they are unable to break through the enchantments of habits; and with their eyes open, sink down in the gulf which is before them. Necessity first betrays them into mean compliances; next impels them to open crime; and beginning with ostentation and extravagance, they end in infamy and guilt. Such are the natural consequences of neglecting order in our worldly circumstances. It must be obvious to every considerate person, that order, frugality, and economy are the necessary supports of every personal and private virtue. How humble soever these qualities may appear, they are the basis on which liberty, independence, and true honor must rise. He who has the sturdiness to conduct his affairs with method and regularity, and to conduct his train of life agreeable to his circumstances, can be master over himself in any condition into which he may be thrown. He need not flatter nor lie; neither need he stoop to what is mean, nor commit what is criminal. But he who lacks that firmness which the strict observance of order requires, is held in bondage to the world; he can neither set his post with courage as a man, nor with fidelity as a christian.

For the Magnolia.

The Crusader's Return.

By Gustavus Adolphus Lovelace, Gent.

He came from the land where the Saracens dwell,
And bandits in darkness were prowling;
But no fears the undaunted Crusader had felt,
While the war-cry around him was howling.
For a braver sure never had wielded a blade;
From his eye sh'd a tear-drop had started
Full oft, when he thought of his home, and the maid
Who kiss'd him, and wept as they parted.

He came to the house where, in childhood's gay hour,
Beneath the old oaks, he had sported;
And still alib' the jessamine over the bower,
Where the maid of his heart he had courted.
His mother and sire, from the old oaken seat,
Sprung to meet him almost broken-hearted;
And never was kiss so bewitchingly sweet,
As the maid's who had wept as they parted.

The Orchard, Jan. 1834.

For the Magnolia.

The Two Portraits.

By Gustavus Adolphus Lovelace, Gent.

"Hal, what the devil's the use of preserving your melancholy forever and a day? for my part, I begin to think I am travelling with a misanthrope, instead of the once gay and smiling Henry Summerfield. A day has not elapsed since our arrival, but it has brought with it an invitation to some ball or *soiree*, and to accept of none! Believe me, Signor Benedict, you will have a heavy account to settle on the score of gallantry ere long—this reclusion will never do, you will soon be as dry as a mummy."

"You have an awkward way of administering consolation to your friend," replied Summerfield; "and in revenge, I wish you sound repose till morning—good night."

The first speaker soon followed the example of his companion, and both were soon comfortably locked in the arms of the drowsy god.

Henry Summerfield was a young Englishman of good family. His father had fixed upon an alliance for him with one of the first houses in England. This was announced to him while young, and as he grew up, he was cautioned by the father not to engage his affections elsewhere. Though he had never seen his *imedda*, yet he had been presented with her portrait at eight years of age, and had worn it next his heart ever since. It was the picture of a laughing little girl, with auburn hair, who smiled most bewitchingly. He would gaze upon it for hours, with all the intensity of mature passion. At length that smiling face became assimilated with every idea which he formed of happiness. He often entreated

to be introduced to the original; but the father was inflexible. The attractions of the fair one might draw away the boy's mind from the studies in which he was desirous his son should become an adept. After quitting the University, the young man hastily set out on the tour of Europe, as he was not likely to see but to wed the fair unknown on his return.

Two years after, while stopping for a few days at Hamburg, despatches reached him from England, acquainting him with his father's death, and the marriage of his betrothed to a Prussian nobleman. In the postscript, he was advised not to return to England, but to dispel his melancholy by foreign scenes and amusements. With the handwriting he was totally unacquainted, but supposed it to be that of some secretary of the family, in their confidence. He answered that nothing should prevent him from returning immediately to England, to console his dear mother. He went to the quay to look out a passage in some ship, and saw a vessel on the eve of departing for America. After a few moments' reflection, he resolved to visit this land of equal rights, and two hours after he was on board, and the light bark was bounding over the waves towards the land of the free. He was accompanied by Charles Maitland, his jesting friend, who had been his *compagnon de voyage*. They arrived at Philadelphia, where the memory of his recent losses deterred Summerfield from mingling in society, while Maitland attended some scene of festivity every evening. This night Charles had been absent until very late, at a fashionable revel, and was surprised on his return to find his friend had not yet retired to rest. "Bonjouur, my dear Hal," said Charles, entering Summerfield's apartment the next day about ten o'clock; "there is to be a grand fete at Mrs. M.—'s to-night, all the city belles will be there, and you, my 'knight of the rueful countenance,' must needs accompany me; I have received tickets for both of us, and have promised upon my honor as a knight, to the two Misses Spaldings that you should come *solens solens*; so brush up your beaver sweet youth, and prepare to lose your heart to some one of the Philadelphia seraphims."

"Well, I will attend you, to redem your honor, but I am afraid I shall not arouse much interest in the bosoms of the Misses Spaldings, as there is nothing left in woman that can attract me."

"Ladies," said Charles that evening in the assembly room, "permit me to introduce my sober friend, Mr. Henry Summerfield." The

person introduced, bowed in a graceful manner to the group of peers before him, but no fair form which met his view, could supply one image to his heart.

The dance had not yet commenced, and he moved mechanically among the forms of beauty, without paying attention to any one; suddenly a carriage drove up to the door, and he saw Charles push away the footman, and let down the steps himself; two females alighted, to whom Charles was very attentive. Summerfield stood in the recess of a window absorbed in thought, when he was aroused by a tap on shoulder. "Come away man," said Charles Maitland, "you must encounter the belle, but mind you *passado* and do not loose your heart at the first look, as some swains have done before you." "What reward may I claim, empress of hearts," said Charles, addressing a beautiful young lady "for bringing a refractory subject to justice. Here is a knight most potent queen, who scorns your power, and speaks treason against your government."

"You are a faithful subject," said she, "and shall be one of cupid's magistrates."

Summerfield turned at the rich melody of that voice, he started and gazed upon her with earnestness. Her soft blue eyes met his, she blushed and looked down in confusion. He engaged in conversation with a sprightliness which had deserted him for months. He obtained her hand for the next cotillion, and all his former gaiety returned.

"Bravo!" shouted Charlie, as they left the ball-room together, "you have triumphed; it was observed by all that you were entirely devoted to each other."

"My dear Maitland," said Summerfield, "I know yet neither the name nor the family of my Dulcinea, perhaps you can instruct me, as you seemed perfectly acquainted with her companion."

"Oh, as to that," replied Charles, "her name is Miss Isabella Walsington, only daughter of Sir Edward Walsington, an English nobleman of great fortune. They have been in town but a few days; I first became acquainted with Isabella and her companion, at Mrs. Ingleton's *soiree*. They left Liverpool but two months since. But confess you are in love already?"

"I will confess," replied Summerfield, "that a degree of interest has been excited in my breast to which I have long been a stranger."

"That is to say, you are deeply in love with her; well to tell the truth, I might confess as much, with regard to her companion,

of whom you have not yet enquired, so I must tell you her name is Miss Julia Cleveland, a cousin of Miss Walsington."

Our two friends now took leave of each other for the night, and retired to rest though not to sleep. The incidents of the assembly-room had left too vivid an impression on the mind of each, to permit them to indulge in any dreams but those of fancy."

"Well coz," said Julia Cleveland to Miss Walsington, after returning from the ball, "your beauty has entrapped another slave, but take care that in obtaining possession of one heart, you do not lose another. Do not blush so; your power is ended I see, and poor cupid is pierced with his own shafts."

"My dear Julia," said Isabella, "whatever may be my sentiments towards Mr. Summerfield, you know that a prior engagement, on which my father has set his whole soul, deters me from fixing my affections on any one."

"Oh dear, yes! I remember the portrait you were once kind enough to show me.—Well, you may wait for this young fellow, who may never return, and loose a good chance for a husband. For my part, should his companion, Charles Maitland, ask me for my hand, I would give it before he had time to repent the request."

The next morning found Isabella restless and sad, sleep had forsaken her eyelids, and she felt that a new scene was opening before her. She arose and walking into the garden, seated herself in an arbor covered with a grape-vine loaded with fruit. A footstep was heard—she turned, and Summerfield stood before her.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Walsington, but I could not help enquiring after your health—I hope you enjoyed yourself last evening."

Isabella faltered out her acknowledgements in reply.

Summerfield now took a seat by her side, and made her acquainted with the feelings of his heart.

"Mr. Summerfield," said she, "I am convinced that your intentions are honorable, but I can never be yours; I have been engaged from infancy; I have never seen my intended husband, nor do I know his name; but here is his portrait—I have worn it from childhood."

"Pray young man, may I have your name?" said an aged gentleman, entering the arbor, "I have no idea of strangers playing *hide-and-seek* with my daughter—your name, sir?"

"Henry Summerfield?"

"Henry Summerfield! where were you born in God's name?"

"At Belleville Lodge, on the Thames!"

"The devil you were! Oh, I see it now in your countenance, you are the son of my old friend. Take my daughter, she is yours!"

"My dear sir," said Summerfield, "I have just learned from your daughter, that there is a prior engagement."

"Isabella!" exclaimed Sir Edward, "surely you have not—"

"My dear father—the Portrait!"

"Is Mr. Summerfield's?"

"Se?" said Henry, "pray then whence can this be?" drawing a picture from his bosom.

"My daughter's!"

"But here is a letter, sir, which informs me of the marriage of the original of that Portrait."

"Ha!" said Sir Edward, "I know this handwriting, it is that of a secretary whom I discharged because he aspired to my daughter's hand. The rascal has done this for revenge!"

* * * * *

"My dear Hal!" said Charles Maitland at a wedding, a few days after, "here's long life to the honey-moon, may a cloud never pass over it for a moment."

"I pledge you," replied Summerfield, "but here are our ribs approaching; a fine party we shall be for blindman's buff."

"Delightful!" cried Julia.

"Rather say hide and seek, my dear Henry," said Isabella, "I have no inclination to be blindfolded on the wedding night."

Pine Orchard, Jan. 1833.

We hope the following, from the Newbury-port Herald, will find a place in every newspaper in the country. It is no fancy sketch; we have ourselves witnessed enough to convince us that "such things are."

"We once heard of a fashionable young lady in the metropolis, who was led to the Hymenial altar by a thrifty Broad-street merchant. He usually expressed a wish, one day, that some brown bread might be baked. The girl in the kitchen was ordered to make the bread. She knew her duty, but at the same time knowing that her mistress did not know how, very simply enquired how much meal she should bake. The lady hesitated a moment, but the enquiry must be answered—"about three pecks of each kind, she should think would be sufficient." Abigail went at it, and the next morning the gentleman had a specimen of twenty-seven loaves of brown bread, made by the direction of his wife!"

Keep out of a hasty man's way for a while; out of a sullen man's, all the days of your life.

The Sung of Love.

She sung of Love—while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips that sang,
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heaven withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seemed fading too.
As if her light and heaven's were one,
The glory all had left that frames,
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever lov'd but had the thought,
That he and all his kind must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "oh Love! is this thy doom?
Oh, light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

Morn.

Married,

In this city, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Henry J. Taylor, merchant of New-York, to Miss Mary, daughter of William Hudson, esq. of this city.

In Delhi, on the 9th inst. at the residence of Gen. Root, by the Rev. Orange Clark, Mr. JACOB D. CLARK, junior editor of the Delaware Gazette, to MISS MARY N. HORNIX, all of that place.

In Delhi, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. O. Clark, Anthony M. Paine, Esq. senior editor of the Delaware Gazette, to Mrs. Holister, all of that place.

At Austerlitz, on the 8th inst. by Hiram D. Ford, esq. Mr. Elbridge G. Tyrrell, to Miss Lydia Sills, both of Tyringham, Mass.

Died,

At Washington, on the 12th inst. Susan Vanderveel, daughter of Benj. F. Butler, esq. aged ten months.

On the 13th inst. in the 24th year of her age, at the residence of her father, the Rev. J. Prentiss, Rector of St. Luke's Church Catskill, Mrs. Ann V. B. Smith, wife of Gen. Smith of Owego—a lady of rare qualities of mind and of person.

At Great Barrington, Mass., on the first of January, at 11 o'clock A.M. Capt. Nicholas A. Sharts. The deceased resided at Hillsdale, N.Y. Early in the morning of the first, the deceased, his father, brother, a nephew and John Holbeck, went to what is called the O'Brien Hole in order to fish for pike. The party on their return to the place where they had left their team, passed an iron ore bed, which had been worked the day before; the deceased and company, with the exception of the father, went into the ore bed, which extended under ground some considerable distance, when the party started to come out of the cave, the deceased saw some black lead, and observed "I will take some home with me," and set about getting a pincer, at this time all the rest were nearly out of the cave, one of the party discovered the commencement of a general fall of the earth above the cave, and warned the deceased, but before he could get out, about 8 tons of earth, ore and stone, fell upon and crushed him instantly to death.—Communicated.

For the Magnolia.

The Choices.

By *Gustavus Adolphus Lovelace, Genl.*

At twilight, in a shady grove,
When long had passed the noon-tide heat,
& sighing lover chanced to rove,
And two enchanting maids to meet.

One stood, with light upon her brow,
And diamonds sparkling in her hair;
As bright as genii-form that now
Are sitting thro' the liquid air.

The other came—a pensive shade
O'er her angelic features stole,
The lover faltered—"dearest maid,
Accept my heart, myself, my soul!"

Thus men who wed for worth, pass by
The form of pride arrayed in gems,
Believing sterling modesty
Of greater worth than diazona.

The Return.

The dark and lonely valley of Einterfeldt is traversed by the lordly Rhine, which, having poured its mighty waters through the lofty oaks and tufted shrubs of that sombre ravine, continues its course along the base of a mountain, clothed with gigantic pine trees. The mountain-shrubs dip their branches into the noble river, while it pursues its way in untroubled majesty; reminding us of the even tenor of a good man's life.

Upon the summit of the mountain, and ever-hanging as it were, the calm waters of the Rhine, stood an ancient edifice, the residence of many successive generations, who had, by turns, passed away, like the flowers of the field. From the earliest ages of the world, when fresh and young it arose in unsullied beauty, from the hands of its Creator, the river had quietly pursued its course. For upwards of four hundred years the castle, erected by the hands of man, had stood reflected in its waters. The inanimate works of the Almighty remained; the edifice raised by his creatures were yet unshaken; but the fair the young, the brave, where were they? In the moulder days when proud barons had there exercised a tyrannic sway, streams of human blood had mingled with these waters; reeking corpses had there found an unshallowed grave. Sounds of fierce combats had issued from these stone worn walls, and they had also rung to notes of wassail.

Fair ladies had looked from these narrow windows; harps and lutes had echoed through these halls; nor had the voice of love been mute there; though there too, perhaps, the tears of wounded affection had flown; for where love is, there is also wo. And infants had clung to their mother's knee; and glad nursery shouts had awakened the silent echoes. But now they are still. Powerless lies the gallant knight; dull is the eye of beauty; hushed is the voice of infant glee.—All are bound by the same spell; and that spell is death. Thus do we tread upon the dust, upon by-gone generations, to be in turn trod upon, when it is our hour to join the mighty family of the past. Then others shall

step into our places as lightly, and fill them as unthinkingly as we do those of the departed.—Little is it to be wondered at that the superstitious should have peopled their chambers with the ghosts of their predecessors, whose tables they sit at, whose seats they fill, whose couch they freely repose; and that they should imagine them as returning to claim, or at least to haunt their original possessions.

Did thoughts such as these occupy the mind of the young boy, who sat by the margin of the river, gazing wistfully on the surrounding objects, with looks so anxious and uncertain? His age might be fifteen, but his countenance wore an air of thought unsuited to his years, and still less in keeping with the parti-colored dress, his harlequin's jacket, and fantastic cap, which betokened him to belong to a company of wandering players. The sun had not yet dispersed the mists of the morning; the dew was without luster upon grass and flower. A solitary star still lingered in the heavens, as if faintly disputing the empire of the night with the rosy clouds, which gradually flushing into a deeper crimson; announcing the near approach of the sun.

The boy sat at some distance from his companions, a group of strutting players, who had been performing at the provincial theatre of the neighboring town; and who, in their fantastic dresses and shabby finery, formed a scene worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. Joyously occupied in emptying an old can of Rhenish, and singing, in chorus, occasional snatches from a drinking song, in honor of the Rhine; they looked towards him now and then, jeering at his sadness or addressing him in mock-heroics.

The young harlequin rose and wandered along the banks of the river, unheeding their jests; he came to a rustic bridge thrown across the water, on the other side of which stood an old out-house or barn belonging to the castle. He crossed the bridge, and entering the barn, sat down on the ground in a wistful reverie.

"It is strange," said he to himself, "but these scenes seem all familiar to me—that old castle, this barn, the deep blue river—perhaps the rising sun may dispel these foolish fancies; but voices that I have known and loved seem forever ringing in my ears."

As he spoke, a peasant girl passed by, singing, in a sweet, clear voice, a well known German air. The boy listened with breathless attention, and sighed deeply as the sound died away in the distance. At that moment the sun bursting in glory through a veil of clouds, dispelled the mists of morning, and poured his crimson light upon valley, mountain and river. A Gothic church appeared in the distance, embosomed in trees, the glittering spire and the lowly houses of the adjacent hamlet, becoming gradually more dimly visible, while the deep toll of the bell, as it swung to and fro, announced the commencement of some village festival.

But the attention of the wanderer was suddenly diverted from the contemplation of inanimate scenery, by the striking appearance and picturesque beauty, of two little girls who

were crossing the bridge, carrying between them a basket of freshly-gathered roses, while from under their snowy caps their fair hair was blown aside, like clusters of waving silver. They came on, tripping lightly, until they reached the barn where the harlequin had taken up his resting place.

"Surely," exclaimed the boy, "I am in a dream; for the faces of these children are familiar to me. The air to which I now listen, I have heard before; or rather, voices which I have heard, and forms which have appeared to me in my dreams, have suddenly become realized."

Meanwhile the children stood gazing with faces expressive of innocent wonder, but without any mixture of fear, on the intruder. They spoke to each other, and his eyes glistered with tears. Another chord of memory was struck. The little girls looked at him with sympathy; and at length the elder of the two, advancing timidly, asked him if he wanted any thing.

"Nothing," said the boy; "and yet I should wish you to tell me the name of this place, and to whom it belongs?"

"That is the castle of Esterfeldt, and our father is the Baron de Walstein. We live there—we have always lived there. My father is very kind, he will give you whatever you are in want of, though he does not like to see strangers, for he has been very sad and lonely since mother died, and that was of grief for the loss of our poor brother, Carl, who was lost many years ago?"

"Carl!" said the boy, "that is my name. If I had two little sisters like you, how I should love them!"

"And have you none?"

"None: nor father, nor mother."

"How sad!" said the children; and as they spoke, they drew nearer and sat down one on each side of him.

"My story is indeed very sad," said the boy, "I do not know who I am, nor where I was born, nor who are my parents. But I can remember, when a very little child, I lived in a castle, by the side of a large river. And I also remember the accident that separated me from my parents."

"Tell us!" cried both the children eagerly.

"I remember," said the boy, "that on the margin of the river was a cove shaded with trees, and that I used often to go there attended by my nurse, to play by the edge of the water. I recollect that a storm of rain set in and I was not permitted to go there as usual. One day tired of this confinement, I stole from my nurse, and ran down, alone, to the cove. I found it had been extended by the floods, which had been supplied by the rains, and poured from every mountain and slope. The river was rushing by in a dark blue torrent, and all the hill-sides around me were sending their noisy bills into its convulsed and whirling bosom. I was delighted with the uproar around me, and seeing a little boat dancing on the edge of the water, I climbed into it, and pushed into the cove. No sooner had the boat swayed from the shore, than it was caught by the current, and swept down the stream like an arrow. At first I was

frightened, but in a few moments, finding myself upon the broad bosom of the river, descending like a bird upon the wing, I became delighted, and clapped my hands for joy.—Thus I went on for a long time. But at length I grew weary, and lay down in the boat to sleep. Totally unaware of my danger, though borne along with dreadful velocity, I was soon wrapped in slumber. My dreams were sweet and peaceful, but were suddenly interrupted. The boat was caught in a whirling eddy near the shore, and was instantly upset. I was cast into the water, and with the violence of the shock I awoke. For a moment I struggled with the waves; the waters were soon piled over my head, and I sunk senseless into the bosom of the river. I remembered nothing more, until I found myself surrounded by strange faces, and a multitude of persons, whom I had never seen before. They were a company of strolling players; who had found me cold and senseless on the bank of the river. They had the humanity to take me with them and afterwards became fond of me: and as in their roving life, they had no means of discovering who I was, or who my parents were, they brought me up, taught me to tumble, and perform feats for exhibition; and when I grew old enough, they made me appear as their harlequin. They have preserved the cloths I wore when they found me, as the only chance of my ever being identified. I have led a strange, wandering life, and have travelled through many countries; through France, Spain, and Switzerland. I have seen the blue skies of Italy, the beautiful bay of Naples, with its orange groves and volcanoes—the vineyards of Spain, and the Alps crowned with snow. Yet, waking or asleep, the remembrance of some other country which I had before seen has always haunted me: and I have a dim remembrance of my father, and of the blue eye and gentle smile of my mother. To-morrow we go on to Munich—and this wandering life, which I have never liked, seems more distasteful to me than ever. Strange foolish fancies have come over me. It seems to me that I have seen that castle before; that old church, and this broad, rolling river—even that I have somewhere before heard your voice, and yet, surely it cannot be?"

The two little girls who had listened with attention, now looked at each other with tears in their eyes, and the elder said,

"Come with us to our father, Carl, he will like you for your name. Come, and perhaps he will be able to assist you."

So saying, the children rose, and Carl followed their guidance, they arrived after a short walk, at the castle.

An old gray-headed porter, who seemed almost superannuated, sat at the gate, and smiled on the children as they passed. The boy looked at him doubtfully, and seemed about to address him, but after a lingering look passed on. A noble wolf-hound, that crouched at the old man's feet, came fawning up to the children. Carl, looked at the dog so earnestly that the little girls thought he was afraid, and told him he need not fear, for that Leopold was old and gentle. But the boy seemed like one in a trance, and looked at every

tree and flower with a bewildered gaze. At length the children, with a joyous exclamation pointed out their father, who stood before the door of the castle, leaning on his staff. His hair was grey and his steps were feeble, but it seemed as if grief, and hot time had impaired his strength and silvered his locks; for the lustre of his eye was undimmed as he fondly gazed on his children, while, with eager gestures, they related their adventure.

The boy stood behind a few steps, with his eyes fixed in vacancy. But when the Baron advanced and spoke to him, he started like one awakened from a dream. They gazed at each other for a few moments. The voice of nature prevailed over time, absence, and change. The father and son rushed wildly into each others arms, and remained locked in a long embrace. No word was spoken, no doubt was expressed on either side—and it was not until Carl was seated by a blazing fire in the castle-hall, with his little fair-haired sisters clinging to his knees, that the baron would listen to his story, or relate in his turn the events which followed his disappearance; the agony of the parent, the fruitless search, the reward offered in vain for his discovery, and the death of the mother who could not survive the loss of her favorite child, but worn out by fears and anxieties, sunk into a premature grave.

The next day, proper measures were taken to ascertain the identity of the young harlequin with the only son of the Baron de Walstein. These were soon procured, but the baron needed only to trace in the features of his son the likeness of his departed wife.

On the following Sunday solemn thanks were offered up to heaven for the return of the young wanderer to his native land; and that evening, Carl, with his newly-found sisters, knelt before the grave of his mother and hung a chaplet of white roses on her tomb. The flowers were wet with the dew of the evening; but with it were mingled the tears of the young and the innocent.—*The Token.*

A Newspaper.

A newspaper! It is the cradle of genius,—the record of truth. Wood cut engravings adorn it, and the muses smile graciously upon it. A newspaper! a city newspaper is a picture of the world. Cast thine eyes over its grim pages; like that, all is confusion and bustle—each one pushing forward to attract attention by arts no matter how trivial. Little ships and big ships; steam-boats with their roaring wheels and black smoke, whiz pastus; rail cars, post coaches and postboys; boxes of tea and barrels of cognac; Franklin gridirons and Lafayette's bedsteads; strayed and found animals, are mingled promiscuously together. "Money!" cries the lottery office. "Fire!" cries the insurance company. Strange that between both, men cannot get money and keep it. Some applicants for public notice are very modest in their approaches, only soliciting favor as long as they deserve it; others are not aware of their claims on public gratitude, and surely some are prompted by the

very spirit of philanthropy. The same diversified scene! In one column a fire, in the next a successful speculation. Here a man eats himself to death, there a child is starving; the widow solicits a pittance, and the rich man offers his load; the register of death numbers the old, the middle aged and the young. *Matrimony!* ah, the list is generally long and appalling. *Notice!* also some Jonathan is close at hand, advertising his refractory rib; what is the matter with thy wife, friend? is thy steak cooked too much? or are thy potatoes burnt up? or thy door locked at twelve P. M. and thou on the out-side? or did she love gadding about? she must be a mild creature, for she makes no angry retort. A newspaper! it makes one love this little round ball of earth. All the ships are well built, copper bottomed, and fast sailing; the houses are in good repair—extensive out-grounds, delightfully situated; no lime-beschel-lines or damaged cambrics; no mouldy almonds or musty oranges, or sour raisins; madeira wine and spanish sugars are all of transatlantic origin. In short every thing comes from its proper place. Human beings, too, seem to be very social—so many partnerships. Sometimes, indeed, we find some little soul, armed with a patent right, elbowing his way through the crowd, threatening "chains and slavery" to all who dare invade his proper sphere; but generally men seem to have coupl'd themselves together in loving fellowship. Much as our world has been abused by misanthropes and despised poets, we doubt whether they would find in the clouds any thing half so convenient. Why, here is every thing, theatres and circuses, rope dancers and singers, gardens and gun-powder, doctors for the sick, teeth for the toothless, wigs for the bald, braces for the ill shaped, rouge for the pale, and white lead for the rosy. It is indeed a bright and beautiful world, and we pray gentle reader, that thou mayst be preserved from the spirit of love and poetry; only read thy newspaper punctually, and it will always appear to thee bright and beautiful.

A Derbyshire Tale.

About twenty or thirty years since, a gentleman named Webster, who lived in the woodland, a barren range of hills in Derbyshire, bordering upon the confines of Yorkshire, had occasion to go from home. The family, besides himself, consisted of the servant man, a young girl, and the housekeeper. At his departure he gave his man a strict charge to remain in the house, along with the females, and not on any account to absent himself at night until his return. This the man promised to do; and Mr. Webster proceeded on his journey. At night, however, the man went out, notwithstanding all the earnest entreaties and remonstrances of the housekeeper to the contrary, and not coming in, she and the servant girl at the usual time went to bed. Some time in the night they were awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The housekeeper got up, went down stairs, and enquired who was there, and what was their business? She was informed that a

friend of Mr. Webster being benighted, and the night wet and stormy, requested a night's lodgings. She forthwith gave him admittance, roused up the fire, led his horse into the stable, and then returned to provide something to eat for her guest, of which he partook; and was shown to his chamber. On returning to the kitchen, she took up his great coat in order to dry it, when perceiving it to be, as she thought, very heavy, curiously prompted her to examine the pockets, in which she found a brace of loaded pistols, and their own large carving knife! Thunderstruck by this discovery, she immediately perceived what sort of guest she had to deal with, and his intention. However summoning up all her courage and resolution, she proceeded softly up stairs, fastened the door of the room in which the villain was as well as she could, with a rope—then went down, and in great perturbation of mind waited the event. Shortly after a man came to the window and in a low, but distinct tone of voice, said, "are you ready?" She grasped one of the pistols with a desperate resolution—presented it to his face—and fired! The report of the pistol alarmed the villain above who attempted to get out of the room, but was stayed in his purpose by her saying, "Villain, if you open the door you are a dead man!"—She sent the servant girl for assistance, while she remained with the other pistol in her hand, guarding the door. When help arrived, the villain was taken into custody; and, on searching without, they found the servant man shot dead. Another villain, who was taken shortly after, met with his deserts; and the housekeeper, who acted with so much fidelity and such unparalleled intrepidity, was soon after united to Mr. Webster.

ANECDOTE.—A young lawyer boasting of his readiness to undertake the defence of any person accused of crime, declared he would as soon undertake the cause of a man whom he knew to be guilty, as one whom he believed to be innocent. An aged Quaker being present, he appealed to him for the correctness of his views—"What say you to that, old gentleman?" "Why I say," replied the Quaker, "that if thee lived in my neighborhood, I should keep my stable locked—that's all."—*Berkshire American.*

The Polish Children.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"The last diabolical stroke of Russian policy has been to intoxicate the children of the condemned Poles, in order that they may sing while on their way to the mines."—Extract of a Letter.

Forth went they from their father-land,
A felon and a fettered race,
To find upon a distant strand,
Their dark abiding place.
Forth went they—not as freemen go,
With firm and fearless eye;
But with the bowed-down men of woe,
As men go forth to die.

The aged in their silver hair;
The young, in manhood's might;
The mother with her infant care;
The child, in wild affright.
Forth went they all—a pallid band,
With many an anguished start;
The chain lay heavy on their hand,
But heavier on their heart.

No sounds disturbed the desert air,
But those of bitter wo,
Save when at times re-echoed there
The curses of the foe.
When, hark! another cry pealed out—
A cry of idioglee,
Answered and heightened by the shout
Of the fierce soldiery.

'Twas childhood's voice—but ah! how wild,
How demon-like its swell!
The mother shrieked to hear her child
Give forth that soulless yell;
And fathers wrung their fettered hands,
Beneath this maddening wo;
Whilst blunted out those infant bands
The chorus of the foe!

Curves deep and low were said,
Whose murmur reached to heaven;
And sighs were heard, and tears were shed,
And women's hearts were given;
While all forgoe of their woes,
The children onward trod,
And sung—and their young voices rose
A vengeance-cry to God!

Agents for the Magnolia.

D. S. KITTLE, of Troy, Travelling Agent.

NEW-YORK.

A. F. Miller, Gellatlin.
Moore & Stone, Plattsburgh.
L. W. Chappell, Eaton.
Levi L. Hill, Kingston.
Alexander F. Wheeler, Chatham 4 Corners.
J. Douglas, Haverstraw.
Charles S. Willard, Catskill.
C. B. Dutcher, Spencertown.
Mr. Ford, Red Rock.
D. D. Newberry, Syracuse.
Jacob D. Clark, Delhi.
Clinton L. Adamcourt, Troy.
Walter S. Fairfield, Lansingburgh.
Thomas Netterville, Athens.
Dr. Charles Drake, Plattekill.
R. G. Dorr, Hillsdale.
W. C. Benjamin, Fayetteville.
Charles Helmstreet, Fairfield.
E. D. Litchfield, Delphi.
W. H. Cutler, Forestville.
John G. Wallace, Milton.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Dr. William Bassett, Granby.
A. G. Parker, P. M. Shirb Viliaga.
George H. Presbrey, Lanesborough.
B. D. Shumway, Ware.
Calvin Gunn, Pittsfield.

RHODE-ISLAND.

Richard Carrigue, Jr. Cumberland.
James D. Welsott, Lonsdale.

CONNECTICUT.

John R. Chapin, Wallingford.
Horace Ames, New-Hartford.
Hermon Chapin, New-Hartford.

VERMONT.

S. S. Smith, Burlington.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Dewitt C. Wagner, Montrose.
Edw S. Park, do.

OHIO.

S. Lydy, Washington, Fayette Co.

THE MAGNOLIA,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, BY

P. DEAN CARRIQUE.

Hudson, N. Y., at One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Persons acting as Agents, on forwarding Five Dollars shall receive five copies, and in the same proportion for all they may obtain.

All letters and communications must come paid to receive attention.